

ASHLAND COUNTY OHIO.

IT HAS SENT OUT MANY SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind., Came from There, and So Did Senator Allison, Ex-Governor Kirkwood and Congressman Reed, of Iowa, and Several Others.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 6.—A group of members of congress and government officials were sitting in the easy chairs of a hotel parlor a few nights ago, talking about the Astors and their wealth, the growth of the money power, the rise of trusts, and the probabilities of the future as to the centralization of capital. A majority of the gentlemen present took a gloomy view of the situation. They contended that in the new order of things a poor man, even in the United States, has not a fair start in the race of life, and that the tendency of the times is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Finally one gentleman, a prominent figure in congress and in national politics, with a good deal of seriousness stood against what seemed to be the prevailing opinion, and argued that as wealth is so much more conspicuous than poverty, its display always exaggerates its relation to the average condition of things.

"Let me tell you a story from actual life to illustrate my position," said he. "I think I can show you from a remarkable incident, or, rather, a series of incidents, of coincidences, that in the United States a man needs neither the prestige of wealth nor family to enable him to win conspicuous success in business or professional life."

"Fifty years ago I was a barefooted boy living with my parents on a farm in Ashland county, O. The country was comparatively new, the markets were not good, and the agricultural people were hard pressed to get a living out of the soil. Money was scarce, nearly every one was in debt, and no one was prosperous or content. At the cross roads in Green township, near which we lived, there used to be an old blacksmith of the name of Studebaker. He was a good old man, who worked pretty hard at his anvil, but for all that had a constitutional tendency to financial prostration. He had some boys who were active young fellows and who tried to help their father out, but in spite of all they could do, and all the old man could do, the blacksmith found himself more than once every year sued for debt before a justice of the peace known in the neighborhood as Squire Allison. It was understood in the neighborhood that the old gentleman Studebaker owed nearly every one in that part of the country, and every merchant in the county seat whom he could induce to trust him. In the same way about half the farmers in the township owed him bills for sharpening plow shares, for repairing wagons and implements and shoeing their horses. The farmers were too poor to pay, and Studebaker was therefore unable to pay the merchants who had sold him supplies."

"One day, to the surprise of every one, old man Studebaker loaded his family and a few household goods into a covered wagon and started west. All the neighbors had confidence in his honesty, and were sorry to see him go. The next we heard of him was that he had located at South Bend, Ind., where he and his lusty boys had made first one wagon and then another and sold them at fair prices to the prosperous farmers of the St. Joseph valley. It wasn't long before he had made wagons enough to enable him to start an extensive wagon shop, and in a year or two he came back to Green township, Ashland county, O., and paid every debt which he had left behind him. I remember how proud the old man was of his ability to do this, and how glad his former neighbors were to see him prospering. Well, you all know the rest. You know how that wagon shop grew and grew till it became the largest institution of its kind in the world. You know that his sons are immensely wealthy and highly respected men."

"The Squire Allison whom I have mentioned was a poor man, too. He had a son, Bill, who was fond of chewing tobacco and playing ball and of shirking his work on the farm. Bill and I were chums, barefoot boys together, and I remember that he often said he was going to leave the farm at the first opportunity. Finally he got a chance to go to Ashland, the county seat, and study law with a firm there who knew his father, and in time he was admitted to the bar and hung out his shingle. He didn't have many clients, and for a time had to go through the process of starvation and insolvency which is the fate of all young lawyers in a country town. He naturally turned toward politics, and when the Republican party was born enrolled himself as one of its members and stood for county attorney on the Republican ticket. Ashland was then and still is a staunch Democratic county, and young Allison was snubbed when he took this as a hint that that neighborhood was not congenial for him, and started west. He went to Dubuque, Ia., and within five years his abilities and his popularity as a man had won for him a nomination and election to congress. You all know the remainder of the story—how he served a number of years in the house, and then stepped up to the senate, where he has been for seventeen years. Senator Allison has never been a success financially, though you will often see his name in the papers as one of the millionaires of the senate. The truth is he is not worth \$30,000, and the entire devotion of his time to public affairs has left him without the inclination or the ability to take a hand in the money grabbing enterprises of the times. But his life has been a great success, nevertheless."

"By some strange dispensation of fate that neighborhood of Ashland county, O., has given a large number of famous men to the state of Iowa. Old Samuel J. Kirkwood, the war governor of Iowa, was a poor boy in Ashland county, who also studied law and for a time practiced before Squire Allison and other justices of the peace. Those who recollect him

say that even then he had the same qualities of rugged honesty, eloquence and shrewdness which have since made him so successful as a popular leader. The first public office which he held was that of township clerk of Vermilion township, to which he was elected in 1841. He, too, drifted west, and became governor, senator and member of the cabinet."

"Judge Reed, now a member of congress from Iowa, was a near neighbor of the Kirkwoods and Allison in Ashland county before they all went west. The judge says he got his ambition to study law by hearing Kirkwood pettifogging a damage case before his father, Squire Reed, who for many years was a justice of the peace for Green township. It appears that young Reed ran away from school to be present on that momentous occasion, an enterprise which involved him in a series of fictitious pleas entirely in keeping with the requirements of the legal profession."

"Young Reed drifted to Iowa just before the war, studied law, taught school and did everything which tradition has assigned to the youth of all great men. He afterwards went into the army, and as captain of a battery spent four years in the service. He is now one of the greatest lawyers in the west. He spent fourteen years on a nisi prius bench, and for many years was chief justice of Iowa. He has at once taken rank in congress among the influential members of the house, where he has a bright future before him."

"But I have not yet exhausted the list of barefooted boys who went out into the world from adjoining farms in Ashland county, O., to win success in the various walks of life," continued the gentleman. "Congressman McClellan, of Fort Wayne, Ind., used to wear blue jeans and drive the cows to and from pasture on his father's farm in Green township. Now he is a wealthy banker, and besides holding a seat in congress has been on the bench of his adopted state. The comptroller of the currency, Edward S. Lacey, of Michigan, is another of the barefooted travelers who drifted out of Ashland county before the war. He is one of the most popular men in Michigan, has been in congress, and will eventually land in the senate. The present sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, A. J. Holmes, was about as poor as anybody could be when he worked on a farm in Ashland county. He was a good boy, made a good soldier, was for many years a good congressman from Iowa, and the members of the Fifty-first congress believe that his administration of the office of sergeant-at-arms will be so satisfactory as to reform, for all time to come, the loose business methods which have hitherto prevailed there."

"The barefoot boys of Ashland county have not only marched to the front in business and political circles, but they have been equally successful in professional life. The newspapers not long ago contained a statement that Mr. James D. Springer, a noted railway lawyer of Minneapolis, had accepted a \$20,000 position with the president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. Mr. Springer has the reputation in the northwest of being a really great railroad lawyer, yet few men have won success in the face of so many difficulties. When his father started west from Ashland, O., about 1851, it was to better a financial condition that could hardly become worse. Springer never had any education, as the term is generally understood, except what he picked up in the district schools of Ashland county, and of the various places in Iowa where his father from time to time resided."

"In this connection I will add that back there in Ashland county lives a proud old pedagogue. The now venerable and respected George W. Brubaker has taught school in Green township for many years, and had under his charge at one time or another nearly all of the men I have mentioned as having subsequently won success in the various fields of human endeavor. He says Bill Allison was the worst boy he ever had, and that he thinks he flogged that boy about a thousand times in four years. Still, the old man's former pupils remember him with gratitude and affection, for Senator Allison and Springer and others whom he graduated from Webster's spelling book and McGuffey's readers often stop over at Ashland on their way east or west to pay a visit to the old schoolmaster."

"One more instance of the remarkable series of successes won by barefoot boys from adjoining farms in Ashland county," continued the speaker, "and I shall have finished my story. One of the boys with whom Brubaker had a good deal of trouble was a chap named Stubbs. His father was a very poor man, and young Stubbs was a wild, rather uncouth youth, who liked to run away from school to go down to the railroad and play among the cars. At 17 or 18 years of age he caught the western fever, and went out on the Pacific coast and worked for a time as a time-keeper or clerk in the employ of Stanford & Crocker, who were building the Central Pacific road. But he had good stuff in him, and from time to time his employers advanced his salary as his knowledge of the railroad business increased and his usefulness developed. Finally he was drawing the handsome pay of \$12,000 a year, and was the general freight agent of the road."

"In this capacity he was employed mostly in representing the Central Pacific in the traffic associations of the country, and in these meetings he was brought in contact with the best trained business intelligence in the world. His extraordinary abilities were soon recognized all over the country, and two years ago Phil. Armour, of Chicago, who has a penchant for hunting out the brightest men to be found and getting them at whatever cost, offered him \$18,000 a year to leave the Pacific roads and go east and work for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The Central Pacific people were foolish enough to permit him to go, and Stubbs stayed with the St. Paul till his old employers discovered that they had lost a man whose place could not be filled, and whose usefulness could not be measured in money. So they went

to bidding for Stubbs, and in order to get the man back had to put up the princely sum of \$25,000 a year, which is the salary which old Brubaker's former wild and uncouth pupil now draws."

"These are not the only instances I could give from the farms in Ashland county of which I have spoken," concluded the gentleman. "Other boys from those farms have gone poor into the world and commanded success and distinction. But I think I have given examples enough to show that the people of the United States, in picking out men to do its business in all the fields of thought and action, public and corporate, business and professional, have no prejudice against those who start barefoot, but give to every man a free opportunity to make the best that can be made out of life. The conditions which have prevailed I believe prevail today, and will continue to prevail in this country. Neither Socialism, Anarchy, Henry Georgeism, Edward Bellamyism nor any other ism or notion will be able to dislodge from the mind of the American people that principle which from the beginning has assigned success to individual effort and personal ability to meet the tests of competition in all the walks of life."

WALTER WELLMAN.

"THE CITY BY THE SEA."

A Trip Down Charleston Harbor—The Calhoun Monument from a Rural View.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 6.—A visit to this historic old city after the lapse of a score of years gives one a sort of Rip Van Winkish feeling. Many of the ancient landmarks have disappeared, and among the ruins are new features eloquent with the progress of the new south. For a long time the wounds inflicted by Gillmore's "Swamp Angel" might be seen on every hand, but in a great measure these have now been healed, leaving only the arabesque designs made by the great earthquake as reminders of a calamity even greater than that of war.

To the stranger Charleston is always attractive. Its quaint houses, tiled roofs, inclosed gardens abloom with flowers, its markets, the negroes with their quaint dialect, Fort Sumter and the other places identified with the long and terrible struggle—all these are points of interest that well reward the visitor.

Two or three days ago I joined a party in an excursion down the harbor. Among those on board were a lot of people from the country who had never seen the sea, and their comments were in themselves worth the price of the trip. One of them was standing near the pilot house, and plied the captain with questions that would have tested the patience of old Job. As a buoy came in sight he exclaimed excitedly: "I say, cap'n, stop yer boat; that's a fellow's lost his valise overboard." When the long draw bridge over the Ashley river was approached his eyes grew to the size of butter plates and he shouted: "Hold up, cap'n; yer goin' to butt right into the thing." And when we glided through the draw he could only draw a long breath of astonishment and exclaim: "Wall, I'll be durned if that ain't the first time I ever seen a bridge split right wide open."

The Calhoun monument always comes in for its share of curiosity on the part of both white and colored. Calhoun stands upon the lofty pedestal in the attitude familiar to those who have seen his picture, the right arm extended and the index finger pointing downwards. A colossal statue of Liberty is at his feet. This list named figure was supposed, by some of the rural visitors, to be the statue of Mary Anderson, but the negroes declared that he was "pintin' at his ma."

The people here are wedded to their old idols. A few days ago a number of octogenarians met in front of the old postoffice, and the conversation turned upon the demolition of the building and the wiping out of another revolutionary landmark. "Yes," said one, "there's the cell from which Isaac Hayne came forth to meet his death on the scaffold." "And there," said another, "are the remains of the powder magazine which the patriots walked up with brick masonry when the British took possession, and which was found safe and sound when the redcoats departed." And so they talked—these remnants of a proud ancestry and types of a period that in a few years will have no more living witnesses.

A singular incident has been related to me during my stay in connection with the late Dawson-McDow tragedy. A gentleman in good standing, but of spiritualistic tendencies, says he has had communication with the murdered Capt. Dawson, in which the latter declares that he has met in the other land a number of the old Charlestonians who have crossed the border, among them James L. Pettigrew, Mitchell King, and Gen. James Simmons, and he expresses himself as satisfied with the McDow verdict. C. C. Bowen, the dead congressman, who became notorious many years ago during the carpet bag regime, also communicated to the medium that it was through his influence that McDow committed the murder, he (McDow) being a resident of the house formerly occupied by Bowen, who had a grudge against the fearless editor for publishing certain facts concerning him.

Curious, isn't it, that such a statement should have a large number of believers? One of the most beautiful of the many charities of this city (it would be unique anywhere) is what is known as "the Enston Home." It consists of an entire village of cottages, divided by avenues and courts named in honor of the founder and his early associations, "Canterbury" and "Colerworth" avenues being called after the birthplaces of Mr. and Mrs. Enston. One of the courts bears the historic name of "St. Martin's Canterbury" another is "Queen Bertha's court," and a third is "St. Augustine's court." The beautiful cottages are not only given free to those who cannot afford rental, but oil, fuel and all appliances are furnished.

Mr. Enston came to America when a young man, and this beneficence is his testimonial to the people among whom his lot was cast. The charity is a practical one, and is worthy of study by other wealthy men and women who may desire to enjoy the pleasure of doing good before the lawyers begin fighting over their wills.

D. F.



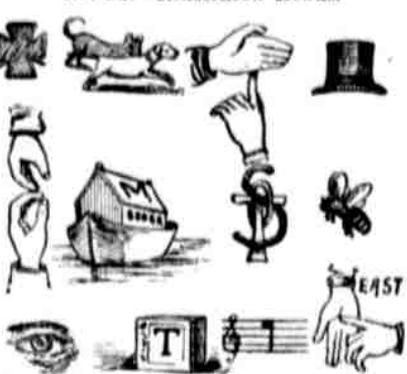
No. 50.—What Is This?

The whole is the cup of a flower—
At least, that's one sense of the word;
Behold, it has different power
In different lands, I have heard.
In Flanders 'tis smallest of all;
In Scotland ten inches it gains;
In England 'tis not nearly so small,
There it's eight more good inches maintain.
But in France they add nine inches more
Than the English allow for its store.

No. 51.—A Hexagon.

1. To declare positively. — — — —
2. Low grounds. — — — —
3. Puffs up. — — — —
4. To do again. — — — —
5. Settled. — — — —
6. A portion of a drama. — — — —
7. A noted garden. — — — —

No. 52.—Illustrated Rebus.



No. 53.—Delphic Poetry.

The puzzle is to change the following into its original form of a bit of poetry well known to everybody, young and old:
Minds of men of various kind, puny particles of fabulous matter, form the volume of the very powerful deep and of the lovely-to-behold earth; also the small minutes, notwithstanding that they are lowly, constitute the sum of inimitable eras of endless time.

No. 54.—A Flock of Birds.

The first row of eight stars represents the name of a genus of wading birds. It bears the name of the Phrygian king who was condemned to be stationed and fettered in water, with choice fruits hanging over him, which he was unable to reach. The next row, a beautiful American singing bird that as the season advances loses its song, becomes a gross eater and is called the rice bird. The third row, a bird allied to parrots. The head is ornamented with a large tuft of feathers, which the bird can raise or depress at pleasure. The fourth row, a bird the flesh of which is valued for food. It is found wild in Europe. One species is remarkable for elegance of form and beauty of plumage. The last row, a small perching bird. It feeds on insects and seeds. Its notes are wild and shrill.

No. 55.—A Great American.

I am composed of five letters:
Altogether means to bestow;
Behold, means to rave, I know;
Again behold, something you see
That is industrious as a bee
Again put together:

One whose abode was oft a tent,
Who was brave as any that wore the blue;
Who was our honored president,
Who was to his country ever true
In his last years his life was sad,
"Sorrow's clouds came thick and fast,"
Yet he boldly rose each grief he had—
He was a soldier to the last.

No. 56.—Divided Words.

Example: Divide to amend, and make a demon and to wander. Answer: Improve.
1. Divide a time, and make a body of water and a masculine relation. 2. Divide diminishes, and make smaller and existence. 3. Divide lying down, and make a place for rest and an insect. 4. Divide feeding on shrubs, and make the edge of a hill and to carol. 5. Divide precious stones carved in relief, and make arrived and a bone. 6. Divide a certain time of the twenty-four hours, and make a time of the twenty-four hours, and make a middle and darkness. 7. Divide to introduce novelties, and make a tavern and egg shaped. 8. Divide mournfully, and make a plant and completely. 9. Divide a kind of primrose, and make certain animals and the edge. 10. Divide to attach, and make to conclude and a spike of corn. 11. Divide inclined, and make a meadow and a masculine nickname. 12. Divide a city in Ohio, and make the light and a measure of weight.

After the foregoing words have been rightly selected and divided and placed one below the other in the order here given, the last letters of the first words will spell the name of a day observed by churches this year in February; the first letters of the second row of words will spell the time which the above day commences.

No. 57.—A Few Locks.

1. What lock preserves our homes?
2. What is the lock of the forest?
3. What lock confines the highwayman?
4. What lock shuts the money borrower from his home?
5. What is the lock of the farmer's pasture?

The Thief of Time.

Visitor (to prisoner)—I noticed the warden called you "Procrastination." Isn't that a queer name?
Prisoner—Yes, sir, I was sent up for littin' a lot of watches.

Key to the Puzzle.

No. 42.—Double Acrostic:
Florida A
Rando M
En E
Endero R
Lavin I
Opelous C
Marth A
No. 43.—Enigma: A boatjack.
No. 44.—Numerical Enigma: New Zealand.
No. 45.—Diagonal:
P O L A N D
D U L C Y N
D A Z Z L E
P U Z Z L E
C O P P L E
C O P P L E

No. 46.—Pictorial Rebus: "Woodman spare that tree."
No. 47.—A Letter Rebus: Candy.
No. 48.—Character: Snow-storm.
No. 49.—Riddle: The letter E.

WAS WILLING TO SACRIFICE.

\$100 an Acre Was Too Little, but He Wasn't "Close About It."

A traveler stopped in front of a rickety old log cabin over on Pottum Ridge a little while ago, and when he had "believed" a half dozen times, and after seven or eight dogs had quitted down a bit, the door opened and an old man shuffled out, hitching up his pants as he came.

"Howdy, stranger?" he said.
"Good morning, sir," the traveler replied.
"Git down."

"No, thanks. I understood your farm was offered for sale and stopped to inquire about it."
"Mount I ax whar yer come from?"
"I live down at the county seat. But that has nothing to do with the land."

"No, I reckon it don't."
"Do you want to sell it?"
"Would er hundred dollars er acre be er-nuff, yer think?"
"It would be a great deal too much."

"Would, eh? That's er right smart change in it, stranger, an' while it's er little thin side, it propoises mounty deservin' like, an' I think er hundred er acre is right down cheap."
"Why, it is very poor land; nothing, in fact, but rocks and bluffs."

"Wal, it air er leetle mite broken, shore er-nuff, but I've made it pay, an' never half tried. I wouldn't nigh tech leas'n I ax."

"What have you laid up?"
"Wal, no big sight, but we've raised thirteen children."

"What did your last crop amount to?"
"Yer mean whut it foteh?"
"No."

"Wal, countin' ever thing at er squar figger, I make it foot up er little over er hundred dollars."

"What did you produce chiefly?"
"Fust an' foremost 'thar was chawin' tobacco for m'n thar ole 'oman an' all thar younguns, an' I reckon that was wuth \$25. Then we sold \$5 wuth er beans, an six dawgs at \$1 er piece, an' er mule whut I tuck up foteh \$40, an' I got \$2 in a gun swap, an' thar rest o' it come in fer coonskins an' rabbits. Say, ding my buttons, mister, but I bet yer never seelecher farm fer rabbits in all yer borned days."

"Well, I must go."
"Don't yer want thar farm?"
"No, yer price is too high."

"Wal, now, looker yer. I mount do er leetle grain better, stranger."
"How much better?"
"I'll let it go at seventy-five."

"Oh, pahaw."
"Too high, yer think? Wal, say, yer'll think I'm er durned ole fool, but ef yer want thar land I'll take it at fifty."

"I wouldn't near give it."
"Wal, by gosh, stranger, I'll jes' machully fling this farm away and let yer hav it at twenty-five dollars er acre. Whut yer say ter that?"
"Say that I won't give it."

"Wal, dang my hide, stranger, I ain't anxious ter sell, but ef yer seem sot on buyin' of this farm yer kin jes' take it erlong at ten dollars."

"Oh, that's clear off."
"Think that's er might off."
"Of course it is."
"Say, whut'll yer give?"
"I'll give you two dollars an acre."

"Whoo-ee! Say, think o' them thar rabbits an' coons an' make it three."
"No. Two dollars is all I'll give."
"How much'll ten acres figger out?"
"Twenty dollars."

"Fer shore?"
"Certainly."
"Wal, that's powerful little for sich lan', but I reckon yer mout fix thar papers. I orter hev er thousan', but I haint nowise close about it."—Thomas F. Montfort in Detroit Free Press.

Croup may be prevented by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child shows the first symptom of the disease, which can always be done if the remedy is kept at hand. Hoarseness is the first symptom of croup. Sold by A. L. Shrader.

Ladies may order anything in the grocery line by telephone (188) of the Gulick Bakery and depend on getting the best at reasonable prices delivered at their door.

Notice of Sale in Partition by Referees.
In the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.
Fannie Quackenbush
vs.
Isabella Hubbard, et al.
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, an action wherein Fannie Quackenbush is plaintiff and Isabella Hubbard et al are defendants, the undersigned referees, duly appointed by said District Court, will on the 24 day of April, 1890, at the hour of 2 p. m., at the east entrance to the Court House on Tenth street, in the city of Lincoln, in said county and state, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit: The southeast quarter (S. E. 1/4) of Section Number Five (5), in Township No. Ten (10), North of Range No. six (6), east of the sixth (6th) P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska. The terms of sale shall be one-third (1/3) cash, one-third (1/3) in one year and one-third (1/3) in two years, with interest on deferred payments at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum, with approved security for said deferred payments.

S. M. MELICK
JOHN H. McCLAY, Referees.
J. C. McBRIDE
Houston & Baird, Attorneys for Plaintiff. (3-1w5)

Notice.
District Court, Lancaster county, Nebraska.
Fannie Hubble, plaintiff,
vs.
Fannie Hubble, defendant.
To Fannie Hubble, non resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of January, 1890, your husband, George W. Hubble, filed a petition against you in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce from you on the ground that you have voluntarily abandoned the plaintiff without good cause for the term of two years last past. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 17th day of March, 1890.

By Pound & Burr, His Attorneys.
James Mathers, his heirs and devisees, will take notice that it has been shown to me, S. T. Cochran, a Justice of the Peace in and for Lancaster county, Nebraska, that the judgment rendered in the action of Hass and Zeh against James Mathers for the sum of \$15.51 and \$9.55 costs, against the defendant, before A. G. Scott, a Justice of the Peace in and for Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 8th day of May, 1878, has become dormant by lapse of time, and is unpaid. It is therefore ordered by me that unless you appear at my office on March 19th, 1890, at 4 p. m., and show cause why said judgment revivor, the said judgment will stand revived.

S. T. COCHRAN, Justice of the Peace.
Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 6, 1890. (2-8w4)

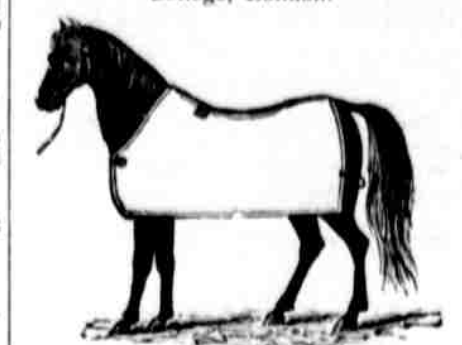
Notice.
In Justice Court of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, before J. H. Brown, Justice of the Peace in and for said city, county and state.
The Wessel Printing Company, Plaintiff,
vs.
The G. M. Jarvis Company, Defendant.
The G. M. Jarvis company will take notice that on the 24th day of January, 1890, J. H. Brown, a Justice of the Peace within and for the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$25.00 in civil action pending before him in Justice Court of Lincoln, Nebraska, wherein the Wessel Printing Company is plaintiff and the G. M. Jarvis company is defendant. That property of the defendant, consisting of money, rights and credits, in the hands of L. L. Lindsay has been attached under said order.

Said action was continued to the 17th day of March, 1890, at 9:00 a. m.

THE WESSEL PRINTING CO., Plaintiff,
By Houston & Baird, Plaintiff's Attys.
Dated Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 10, 1890. (2-15w4)

DR. ROLAND LORD, Veterinary Surgeon

Graduate of the Royal Veterinary College, London.



All Diseases of the Domesticated Animals Carefully Treated.

Office, Room 3, Webster Block, 236 South 11th St., LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Calls Out of the City Attended.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! Over A Million Distributed.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Comp'y.

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present state constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its Grand Single Number Drawings take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

Famed For Twenty Years For Integrity of Its Drawings and Prompt Payment of Prizes.

Attested as Follows:

We, do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty and fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

Attest:
J. T. Emory
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery, which may be presented at our counters.
R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres't Louisiana Nat'l Bk
PIERRE L. SAUX, Pres't State National Bk
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank

Grand Monthly Drawing. At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, March 11, 1890.

Capital Prize, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths, \$2; Twentieths \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.
1 PRIZE OF \$300,000 is \$300,000
1 PRIZE OF \$100,000 is 100,000
1 PRIZE OF \$50,000 is 50,000
1 PRIZE OF \$25,000 is 25,000
2 PRIZES OF \$10,000 are 20,000
5 PRIZES OF \$5,000 are 25,000
25 PRIZES OF \$1,000 are 25,000
100 PRIZES OF \$500 are 50,000
200 PRIZES OF \$300 are 60,000
500 PRIZES OF \$200 are 100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.
100 Prizes of \$500 are \$50,000
100 do. 300 are 30,000
100 do. 200 are 20,000

TERMINAL PRIZES.
999 Prizes of \$100 are 99,900
999 Prizes of \$100 are 99,900

3,144 Prizes amounting to \$1,054,800
NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal Prizes.

AGENTS WANTED.

For Club Rates or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured upon enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

IMPORTANT.

Address M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
Or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

By ordinary letter containing Money Order issued by all Express Companies, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note.

Address Registered Letters containing Currency to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER that the payment